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The **Socialist Spirit**

The Fellowship

George D. Herron William T. Brown
William Mailly Leonard D. Abbott
John Spargo Marion Craig Wentworth
Franklin H. Wentworth, *Executive*

The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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SPECIAL

Tour of William Thurston Brown of The Fellowship

Mr. Brown starts west from Buffalo, N. Y., about October 15, and will go to the Pacific Coast. Address for terms, dates, etc.,

Franklin H. Wentworth,

Executive of The Fellowship,

59 Clark St., Chicago

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We will appreciate the favor.

NOTICE

The bound files of Volume I, advertised in last issue, have been exhausted. No more are to be had at any price.

"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1902

No. 1

Middle Class Re-adjustment

The "merger" of the agricultural implement manufacturers, consummated during the month, should open the eyes of those fatuous gentlemen of the middle class who have been working for a living and yet laboring under the delusion that they belonged to the capitalist fraternity. This consolidation, it is positively announced, will throw out of employment ten thousand men. Of course the result will not be the object-lesson it would be if the entire ten thousand lived in one town. They are scattered over the country, one here and one there;—the men who have been the agents of these concerns under the competitive regime.

But even so, ten thousand men cannot be displaced in a month without some of them awakening sufficiently to the signs of the times to join in the song of discontent. For their chances of new employment are *nil*. When these great concerns are competing for business they need good men, able men, men who can sell their product; but when they consolidate; when the people have but one outfit to purchase from, all this outfit needs is order clerks, and order clerks can be had by the thousand for fifteen or twenty dollars a week. These displaced men find, when they turn to other concerns for new employment, that the same tendencies are working out there also, and if there happens

to be a place open somewhere a young man gets it. A man is too old to get a new job today if he is forty.

Of course, this new combination of manufacturers of harvesting machinery is not going to raise prices. It is formed for the express purpose of reducing prices or preventing an advance, and this is to be effected, as usual, through economies in production. That is the case with all the trusts—in their prospectuses. All are formed to secure lower costs of production and to bring lower prices to consumers, and still there is a decided popular impression that, while lower costs of production may have resulted—which may be doubted as a rule—lower prices most certainly have not.

This fact is sufficiently proven by the steady increase in the cost of living. If the people received the benefit of the economic gains of these consolidations,—as is always promised,—living would be cheaper, not dearer.

The rise in the cost of living is now publicly recognized even by the capitalists as a real grievance underlying much of the labor struggle for increased wages. The president of the Illinois Steel company, in announcing an advance of 10 per cent in the pay of employes the other day, took occasion to say that the action of the management was "in recognition of the advanced 'cost of living.'" The fact of the matter is that such advances of wages as have been made on the average do not equal

the advance in commodity prices. As the Philadelphia Press says, in noting the many strikes that are taking place: "They all rest on a common cause. The serious rise in the cost of food and coal has more than made up the advance in wages."

Matrimonial Warnings

But there are signs, surer and more ominous than capitalist admissions of this character,

that a decent livelihood in America is rapidly becoming an impossibility. The recent order promulgated by the First National Bank of Chicago is enough to make one hold his breath with astonishment. The president, Mr. Forgan, has given notice that no clerk in the employ of the First National Bank who is "earning" less than one thousand dollars per year shall marry, under penalty of dismissal. It is not necessary to point out to intelligent readers what the moral effect of such an order as this will be. It may prevent defalcations, and it may not. This is evidently what the bank managers have in mind. There are women in Chicago who are not married who will help young men to steal much quicker than an honest little wife will do.

Mr. Forgan states that the rule is a good one, and has been in force for many years in the Canadian bank, from which he came. It is a foreign importation, as it were. That such rules do obtain, even outside of banks, is evidenced by a notice recently sent out by a Liverpool firm of retail grocers to all their managers and clerks:

MATRIMONY—A WARNING.

"We fear that some of our assistants are entering into marriage contracts without realizing the trouble they are getting themselves into. It is a most serious step for any man to take, and especially so for one who hopes to be his own master some day.

"His first object should be to have at least £200 (\$1,000); after that enough to furnish a cottage—as when marriage is entered into before these two objects are attained there is absolutely no hope of saving, as the whole earnings must go for housekeeping, etc.

"We ourselves have set our face

against any man marrying before he is a manager, and, indeed, we do not even then approve of it except he has money saved; and so strongly do we feel this that we shall not in future retain young men who marry without our consent.

"We earnestly trust that our young men will lay this matter to heart, and act upon our advice."

This bald admission that when a man marries he cannot hope ever after to save a dollar is certainly deserving of uproarious applause.

The Grocery World, of Philadelphia, published the above circular letter, and commented upon it as follows:

"This is bigotry with a vengeance. In America the attitude of merchants toward the marrying of clerks is exactly the opposite and infinitely more sensible. Here merchants encourage matrimony in their employees, because they recognize that marriage as a steadier has no equal, and that many a youth, light headed and irresponsible before marriage, settles down in the traces and becomes twice as valuable after marriage. As a matter of fact, many American employers will not give a responsible position to a single man.

"If every young man waited to marry until he had saved \$1,000 and enough more to furnish a cottage, the world would soon become depopulated.

The naive admissions of the Grocery World are almost as interesting as those in the English circular. How any thoughtful person can read either the circular or the comment upon it without swellings of rage at such ethical debauchery passes comprehension.

We would seem to be getting hard up against a day of judgment.

Suffer Little Children

The backwardness of the South in passing laws against child labor is bearing its legitimate fruit. The Connecticut cotton duck company, of New Hartford, has declared its intention of moving south, and in doing so can have but one object; the utilization of child labor. Naturally the southern newspapers are waxing very ironical over northern criticisms of their child-labor scandal. The Richmond Dispatch "is clearly delighted to find out not only that northern manufacturers are moving South in order to avail

themselves of such labor, but that it was the hostile lobbying of New England capitalists that prevented the passage by the Alabama legislature last winter of reformatory labor laws." Whether this justifiable fling back at the "northern conscience" has a real foundation or no, it is evident that it very soon may have, for the agitation in the South against the employment of child labor in mills has made a promising and encouraging start, a number of southern newspapers having taken up the question, while individuals here and there are making themselves heard. The Connecticut company that intends to move its plant to some southern state will find itself in a very few years lobbying at the doors of the southern legislatures to prevent the passage of an anti-child labor law. This is a form of slavery that the new South will not stand by. Opinion in Connecticut concerning the course of the New Hartford company is not flattering to that concern. The opinion is expressed that if business must feed and fatten on children under 14 years of age, then modern industry is on a very insecure foundation.

Meanwhile the moving of these mills to the South will kill the town of New Hartford and leave some three thousand men and women to swell the army of the unemployed.



God and the Coal Barons

More uproariously funny, however, than any other thing which the month has disclosed, is the reply of President Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company to the Wilkesbarre man who appealed to him to settle the miners' strike. The appeal was made as from one Christian to another, and the writer ventured the opinion that if Christ were taken more into business affairs there would be less trouble in the world. The letter writer also expressed the belief that if Mr. Baer should grant the strikers a slight concession they would gladly return to work.

Following is President Baer's reply:

I see you are evidently biased in your religious views in favor of the right of the workingman to control a business in which he has no other interest than to secure fair wages for the work he does. I beg of you not to be discouraged. The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country. Pray earnestly that the right may triumph, always remembering that the Lord God omnipotent still reigns and that his reign is one of law and order, and not of violence and crime.

This is awe-inspiring—monumental!

"The Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country;" this should be done into pastel mottoes and distributed among the workers, to make them love God and Christianity. It should be framed and in every household.

God certainly has it in for workingmen if he gave control of the "property interests" to such viceroys of his as Mr. Baer.

These "Christian men" who squeeze their coal miners down, to starvation wages and who take advantage of a strike to run up the price of coal are certainly excellent tools for the Almighty if he wishes through them to beget humiliation and suffering.

The fact is, people are getting sick of seeing God harnessed by special privilege, and this smug talk of Mr. Baer is nauseating even to people of his own class.

President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna road, does not try to hide behind God. In reply to recent rumors that the coal railroads were ready to arbitrate, he makes this unequivocal statement:

Let it be understood once and for all that there will be no compromise or settlement of the anthracite coal strike through political or other influence. The anthracite coal proprietors will not be made a football in the game of politics; the mistake of 1900 in this regard will not be repeated. The presidents of the anthracite companies have the absolute unqualified support of their respective boards of directors and stockholders in the position they have taken; that these great properties shall be controlled and

operated by their owners, and not by outsiders. This is the only real issue in this controversy, and it is vital. It will be fought to a finish on the lines already drawn, no matter how long it takes.

This is fine, brash, bald and convincing. There is no theology mixed up in it.

But Mr. Truesdale makes a slight slip when he says the anthracite coal proprietors will not be made a football in the game of politics. That's just what they will be; not this year, perhaps—but soon; sooner than they dream, perchance. They will learn this in due time, and the present trouble will do much to hasten the instruction and make it effective.

It is indeed an object lesson to the American people to see "their powerful government" standing helpless and mute before these mighty coal barons. A whipped president, and an equally whipped cabinet;—no one daring to utter a chirp while these men gamble in human life and menace a whole people with a winter's suffering.

We are awfully brave—against little Filipinos. If the president represented the American people he would call congress together to settle the coal strike, and if congress would not do it the people would understand why.

It would not take a Socialist congress very long to settle it. Such a congress would soon awaken the men who think they can own and direct these great material resources without social responsibilities.

A single session would take these anthracite mines and distribute coal to the people as postage stamps are distributed—at cost.

And the world would not be any the less fit to live in because no one was cold.

The Fellowship

The members of the Fellowship have not been idle during the summer, but when not actively engaged in active propaganda have been preparing for the fall and winter's work. Comrade Herron is

expected home from Europe in October. His plans for active work are not yet given out.

William Mailly, after his service in the anthracite coal field, has returned to Boston and taken up again the burden of the work in Massachusetts, where he feels he is at present most needed. His interesting letters in relation to the work of the Socialists in the Massachusetts legislature, which have made such good reading in the weekly papers, will be resumed when feasible. Of these letters John C. Chase writes:

Let me say right here something that I have been intending to write you about for some time, and that is that Mailly's reports of the doings of Carey and MacCartney have been doing a world of good for the movement. All the socialists throughout the country are now thoroughly in touch with their work and are more than pleased to read the reports each week. Heretofore they knew in a vague way that there were two socialist members in the Massachusetts legislature, but did not know anything from or about them. Mailly has done a great work for the movement in keeping them informed.

Mailly will give a good account of himself in the fall campaign.

John Spargo is also to take active part in the campaign, though his principal attention is, of course, claimed by The Comrade.

In August he formally opened party headquarters at Newark, N. J., to a large and interested audience. He accompanied the Hudson Co., N. J., picnic party up the Hudson, and spoke on deck to the trades-unionists who were present in large numbers. He also spoke at a meeting called at Newark, N. J., in aid of the striking miners.

Two courses of lectures are outlined for him in the early Fall.

William Thurston Brown has not been idle since his resignation of Plymouth Church, at Rochester. Though part of his time has been spent at Lakemont,

New York, which is his permanent address, he has been speaking as necessity seemed to require. He attended the New York state Socialist convention, where he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, much to the embarrassment of so modest a man.

After the convention he filled two lecture engagements in Northern Pennsylvania, one at Austin and the other at Coudersport, where he made such an impression that even the Republican papers printed his addresses in full. He also spoke in the neighboring lumber camp at Mina, and the following Sunday at Glenora, N. Y.

On September 1st, Labor Day, he is to speak at New Castle, Pa., as arranged by Comrade J. W. Slayton, candidate for Governor. From thence he will make a speaking tour of Massachusetts, covering a period of about two weeks, as arranged by the state committee.

Part of the month of October he will spend in the campaign in New York state, leaving about the fifteenth for the west, where his engagements through to the Pacific coast are now being booked by the office of the Fellowship, at 313 Ashland Block, Chicago, where applications for his dates should be addressed.



Franklin and Marion Wentworth have spent a busy summer. On the first of July they left Chicago for Boulder, Colorado, where Mrs. Wentworth had charge of the department of Dramatic Literature and Reading of the Colorado Chautauqua. Here they lived during July, in a tent on the mountain-side, from whence Mr. Wentworth edited THE SPIRIT. He also attended and spoke at the Colorado Socialist convention at Colorado Springs July 4th, in company with William H. Wise. The Boulder comrades attempted to arrange a meeting in the courthouse, but the courthouse was refused them. Wentworth therefore spoke on the street to a large crowd, many of whom were in carriages.

After the close of the Chautauqua, Au-

gust 9th, Mrs. Wentworth remained on a ranch in Southern Colorado while Mr. Wentworth went back to Illinois to debate on August 20th at the Chautauqua at Danville, Illinois, with Rev. Frank Dixon, of Hartford, Connecticut.

Returning to Colorado August 23rd, Mr. Wentworth joined Mrs. Wentworth at Denver, and together they went on tour of the state, speaking in the campaign under the management of William H. Wise, who had charge of the Debs tour in the west, also. On August 25th the Wentworths spoke at Buena Vista, on the 26th at Carbondale, on the 27th at Aspen, on the 28th at Grand Junction, on the 29th and 30th at Delta, from which point they went south into the San Juan mountains, making the Labor Day speech at Silverton, under the auspices of the Miners' Union. Their dates after Silverton are: September 3rd, Ouray; Sept. 4th and 5th, Telluride; September 6th, Montrose; September 8th, Gunnison; September 10th, Creede; September 11th, Monte Vista; September 12th Colorado Springs. After Colorado Springs, they will speak for a few days in the Cripple Creek district, finishing their tour with a big meeting in Denver, from whence they will return to Chicago about October 1st.

Mr. Wentworth is the Socialist candidate for the Illinois legislature in the Seventh Senatorial district, and will devote the month of October to the local campaign in Illinois, making a few speeches outside of his district under the auspices of the state committee.



The work of William H. Wise, formerly active in the Fellowship in Illinois, is attracting grateful attention from the Colorado Socialists. He has been speaking throughout the state, doing pioneer work, at the same time making bookings for the Socialists who are to follow him. He has thus arranged tours for Debs, the Wentworths, Ben and Stitt Wilson, Walter Thomas Mills, Carl Thompson, Fred Strickland, and other

speakers, all of whom have had successful meetings, and who all together have aroused a remarkable interest in the movement throughout the state, where it already has great vitality. In Denver Wise is aided by the most earnest band of Socialist workers in the west, among whom are R. A. Southworth, editor of *The Alliance*, and the indefatigable, generous, noble, Channing Sweet. The Colorado comrades are going to astonish the east with the vote for Socialism at the coming election.



The Long Procession

How can one help loving this people! Must not the one who has stood by the roadside and watched them pass feel the tears in his eyes when he recalls them—men with sharp features and hard hands, women with early lined foreheads, and the tired little children.—Selma Lagerlöf.

It is sad, sad reading, this struggle of the working class to lift its head above the mire.

Men with sharp features and hard hands, women with early lined foreheads, and tired little children; see the long procession!

Far, far has this long procession marched, far has it marched in vain.

Since the days of feudalism, since the days when private ownership of the sources of life turned humanity upon the highway to starve or to sell itself for wages, the working class has been seeking a liberator.

It has held out its worn hands of hope, first to this one, then to that, believing that the high-sounding phrases echoing in its ears were inspired by a love for the lowliest, as they always pretended to be.

Oh, poor, tired brother! Greatly thou hast trusted, and most basely hast thou been deceived.

Thou hast fought the battles of the liberator, but thou hast not found liberation. The Cromwells have succeeded; the John Balls have died the death.

Working-class revolutions have never found the doorstep of liberty; they have builded the highroad in the sweat of

their faces and the blood of their hearts, but they have not traveled thereupon to the land of heart's desire.

Others have gleaned of their sweat; others have voyaged in the stream of their blood. All of their brave battles for the Fatherland have but riveted anew their shackles. Quick to respond in their simplicity of heart to roll of drum, the flag of victory has bestowed ever but a crutch or an age of toil. They build and they build and they enter not in.

Today, as in the Nazarene's day, the worker's lot crushes hope and stifles aspiration. He may look at an art gallery, perhaps, in place of a barren rock; but he is driven by the same fear, and his dinner table still stands at the deadline of bare subsistence.

Civilization has brought him everything except liberty, without which all the splendors of the world's achievement are but barren nothings. The wireless telegraph is no food for crying babes to live on. Where the base of the social structure is awry, poverty is the running mate of progress; every labor-saving machine means only that more people shall go hungry.

The world has always looked with complacency upon a class ordained to do the drudgery, and the glorified national liberators of the world's history have always taken this class for granted. National liberation has always been Capitalistic liberation; it has never reached down to the working class. The real liberators, those who stood not for national liberty, but for universal liberty, have died ignominious deaths.

To the working class national independence has so far meant only that they should be exploited by the capitalists of their own country—called "their own" country for purposes of advised self-deception.

It is natural for a man to fight for his own. But to fight for phantasms of things; to fight battles in which one has only a fancied interest; this is only possible to the self-deceived.

The working class has been eternally deceived by the idea that it had a coun-

try, whereas it has been as homeless as the prairie wolf.

The world is the country of the working class, and it will some day come into full possession. It will come into possession when it sees the motive for arbitrary geographical and political divisions and abolishes the conditions which make these divisions profitable to the few.

Capitalism, working through sentiment, maintains arbitrary divisions of people by fostering the idea of nationality, and the idea of the natural opposition of national interests. The "protective" tariff is a species of silent murder; it enables local capitalists to pick the pockets of the working class by centering their attention upon absurd national hatreds. Capitalism can prevent me exchanging things with my neighbor to our mutual advantage only by making me think my neighbor is my natural enemy.

Exploiting capitalists, called by courtesy "the commercial classes," are the ones who precipitate war, and who sometimes cover up their economic plundering by effusive demonstrations of regard. The Czar of Russia visits France and the President of the French Republic visits the Czar: Prince Henry of Germany visits America, and Mr. Morgan visits Mr. Hohenzollern. They weep on one another's shoulders.

When there are peaceful functions going forward, the potentates dress up in their glad rags and tin decorations and wine and dine and caress one another;—and make very dull and uninteresting speeches. This is the dress-parade of Capitalism. Royalty is its puppet.

When, however, the exploiting classes of the different political divisions called nations come into collision over a division of the product of the working classes, and war becomes menacing, then these interesting personages miraculously disappear. It is then time for the working classes to come on the stage and do the fighting.

For a fancied "country" the poor, deluded workers of one, go to fight the

poor, deluded workers of the other political division.

All wars are fought by the common people,—by the people who have nothing to gain by war.

Your Capitalist is your true "patriot." He has something to fight for. The soldier is only a dupe.

It is fine to have all your fighting done for you and by the very people who support you during peace.

The working man is the true philanthropist. It is too bad he is such from necessity,—or through ignorance, rather.

He must be trained in the hatred of the "foreigner;" for without an occasional war, Capitalism could not live. Capitalism's throne is "patriotism," and war lays and maintains its foundation.

All ancient literature and the great bulk of modern literature unconsciously accentuates the principle (or lack of it) that the interests of nations are antagonistic. This makes patriotism consist not so much in the love of yourself and your own, as in the hatred of your neighbor.

This quiet, persistent, false educational force operates continuously from childhood to age, and forges the "national spirit" of a country. It is expressed in the common mental attitudes of the plain people, and renders them pliable to flag-waving.

The capitalist is somewhat more emancipated. His country is wherever his investments are. But he sees the value of inculcating patriotism in the plain people, and may always be counted upon to say the right word at the right time.

When the commercial classes of two nations clash the newspapers blaze with manufactured indignation, rousing the latent fire long kindled by customary opinion, until the poor, common hind believes the honor of his country rests upon his shoulders. The poor and wretched of the other country, subjected to the same education, believe the same thing. The peasants and the artisans of both nations forsake their plows and tools and go and shoot one another; not because they hate one another, but because they have been trained to believe

that "their" country must be defended. The men who do the fighting and the dying seldom know really what the quarrel is about, and if they come home alive they frequently find that it is harder to make a living in "their" country after the war than before it.

When the surplus population has been so nearly killed off that it looks as if the remainder of the common people can scarcely bear the burden of taxation that is to pay for the war, peace is declared, and there is great rejoicing.

Then the peasants and artisans (those who are not buried in trenches) go back to work.

The precious lives of those who brought on the war have never been endangered. It was not necessary. There are always enough "patriots" among the working classes to do the fighting; and no doubt there will continue to be so as long as a man on one side of an imaginary line can be trained to the conviction that the man on the other side of the line is his natural enemy.

Here are two adjoining fields of grain.

In one there is a peasant, a Frenchman.

In the other, another peasant, a German.

The same sun shines on both; their backs are wet by the same passing shower. They confer over their growing crops, and they share their bread and wine and tobacco. No thing in nature divides them.

Now comes word that one "nation" has insulted the other "nation," and these poor toiling wretches and their tired wives and children feel it imperative upon them to burn each other's crops and shoot each other full of lead.

This is patriotism.

It has never yet failed;—*but it may.*

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was the first mile-stone of doubt. For the first time in human history the voice of *humanity* then rose from the ranks against the voice of "patriotism."

Six years before, the International Workingmen's Association was founded.

The purpose of this organization, as given by its founders, was *to weld into one body the whole militant proletariat of Europe and America.*

It was a bugle note; a promise of the dawn.

The Franco-Prussian war was brought on, as every other war is brought on, not by the people, but by the exploiters of the people. The fatuous Louis Napoleon aspired to imitate the first distinguished scoundrel of his family.

Gigantic schemes of fraudulent speculation, countenanced and fostered by those in high places, absorbed the earnings and savings of the French people and involved thousands in ruin. Judicial tribunals were debauched and the public officials rioted in corruption and extravagance.

It became clear that only a war could divert the public mind from the rottenness of the government; and a war with Germany was deliberately decided upon.

A shallow pretext was found in the claim of a Prussian prince to the Spanish succession; and after fanning the flame of French "patriotism," the poor, foolish French people became eager for hostilities. War was then declared and the public murder began.

In the face of this infamous proceeding the International Workingmen's Association flung its clear and noble protest.

In the *Reviel* (Paris), of July 12th, 1870, was published a manifesto "to the Workmen of all Nations," of which the following is an extract:

Once more, on the pretext of European equilibrium, of national honor, the peace of the world is menaced by political ambitions. French, German, Spanish workmen! Let our voices unite in one cry of reprobation against war! War for a question of preponderance of a dynasty can, in the eyes of workmen, be nothing but a criminal absurdity. In answer to the war-like proclamations of those who exempt themselves from the blood-tax, and find in public misfortunes a source of fresh speculations, we protest, we who want peace, labor and liberty!

Brothers of Germany! Our division would only result in the complete triumph of despotism on both sides of the Rhine. Workmen of all countries! Whatever may for the present become of our common efforts, we, the members

of the International Workingmen's Association, who know of no frontiers, we send you, as a pledge of indissoluble solidarity, the good wishes and salutations of the workingmen of France.

The German workingmen of many cities replied in similar manifestos. A mass meeting of workingmen held at Brunswick on July 16th, expressed its full agreement with the Paris manifesto, spurned the idea of national antagonism to France, and concluded its resolutions with these words:

We are enemies of all wars, but above all of dynastic wars. With deep sorrow and grief we are forced to undergo a defensive war as an unavoidable evil; but we call at the same time upon the whole German working-class to render the recurrence of such an immense social misfortune impossible by vindicating for the people themselves the power to decide on peace and war, and making them masters of their own destinies.

At Chemnitz, a meeting of delegates representing 50,000 Saxon workingmen, adopted unanimously a resolution to this effect:

In the name of the German Democracy, and especially of the workingmen forming the Socialist Party, we declare the present war to be exclusively dynastic. We are happy to grasp the fraternal hand stretched out to us by the workmen of France. Mindful of the watchword of the International Workingmen's Associations, "Proletarians of all countries unite" we shall never forget that the workmen of all countries are our friends and the despots of all countries our enemies.

The Berlin branch of the International also replied to the Paris manifesto:

We join with heart and hand your protestation. Solemnly we promise that neither the sound of the trumpet, nor the roar of the cannon, neither victory nor defeat, shall divert us from our common work for the union of the children of toil of all countries.

Great sentiments are these. History has not recorded words that have in them a greater promise for the race.

In these manifestos the inarticulate first became articulate.

The Word came forth; the word that no longer is the workingman to look for a liberator; he is now to begin at last the long task of liberating himself. In these days of war went forth that word which one day shall mean no war; the word that shall one day blossom into this manifesto:

We, the United Workingmen and women of the world, refuse to go forth to kill one another, for we have no differences; if you gentlemen who are in the business of exploitation, or land gambling, or the King business, have a difference and wish to fight it out, go forth and do it to your hearts' content; fight till you are all exterminated if you like; the world will be all the fitter for honest men to live in!

When such a manifesto can go forth; when the workers of the world are so unified as to be no longer the dupes of Capitalism, every throne in Europe will crumble into dust. For without an obedient common people to do his will a king is a sorry spectacle. When the German "war-lord" shall issue an order and the German people,—no longer his "subjects," but their own masters,—shall laugh in his face, Mr. Hohenzollern, with his absurd swagger and twisted mustaches, and tin decorations and brave trimmings, will be a sight for derisive contemplation; a useless, outworn bauble which a free people will not suffer. The German throne is propped by German ignorance and fatuous "love of country."

And yet in German hearts the echoes of the manifesto of the International is still ringing. The lesson of the various despotic governments,—forgetting their hatred of each other and uniting to stamp out this organization of workingmen,—has not been read in vain. For every brave member of the International who has suffered persecution, imprisonment or exile a thousand of his working countrymen have risen up to bless his name.

For with the inception of the International, the long procession of the workers,—the men with sharp features and hard hands, the women with early lined foreheads and the tired little children,—took its first great stride along the highway of liberty.

In the breasts of the workers of every nation has been implanted an abounding faith, not in the outside liberator, but in

themselves, their power and their possibilities.

Slowly, slowly this faith is growing; slowly but surely, until the ultimate goal is as inevitable as day succeeding night. Slowly, link by link, the drag-chain forges about the wheels of international war until the great black chariot of Capitalism shall lie helpless and abandoned before the will of the marching peoples; marching, marching to the Land of Heart's desire.



A Tribute to Harriman

(Fellowship Correspondence of John Spargo)

At the close of a sweltering day hundreds of leal-hearted comrades gathered together in the grounds of the club of the Workmen's Educational Association to do honor to a brave fighter and true comrade, Job Harriman. For two weeks the news that Harriman must leave the eastern coast in quest of health had been borne from comrade to comrade, and home to home, and the hope that he would not be allowed to go away without some outward sign of his comrades' esteem being made grew into a resolve that it must not be. And so, we were crowded together to say "Farewell!"

Unlike most "farewell" meetings, hope and a measure of satisfaction predominated at this. Regret there was, to be sure, but still I think the general feeling was one of hopeful satisfaction. Put into words, it would probably have read something like this: Our comrade's health has been shattered and the rigor of this climate means to him death, but if he can go back to the sunny climes of California he may regain his strength and we shall not lose him. For if he goes to California he will not be gone from the movement, but simply into another part of the field—a part of the field from whence we took him. So it is fitting he should go.

Of course there had to be speakers. Who ever heard tell of a gathering of Socialists satisfied with sandwiches and


drink? Abbott, buoyant and enthusiastic as ever, presided with his usual bonhomie, and called first upon Hanford, eloquent, blunt, and inspiring. A burst of rain and the strains of music from inside the club ended what really was, as might be expected from Hanford, primarily a rallying cry for the campaign, and only incidentally a panegyric upon the good qualities of the guest and comrade we had gathered to honor.

Then pell mell we crowded into a stuffy little hall to hear speeches from the energetic Dr. Furman, and from Hillquit, who ended a graceful tribute to Harriman by asking his acceptance of a silver loving cup, as a token of good fellowship and a pledge of the love of his New York comrades. Beside the cup was laid a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers, exquisitely arranged and tied with the usual red ribbon. Then, after many a cheer, Harriman briefly responded with a voice that shook with emotion. Probably he will for a long time to come look back upon that speech as the hardest oratorical task he ever undertook.


Then music in the garden by the Carl Sohmn Orchestra, followed by more speeches. By their request I spoke the good wishes of the Board of Directors of the Labor Secretariat and the thousands of affiliated members. Perhaps most important of all Harriman's work since he settled in the east has been the building up of that organization, and the drawing closer together the bonds of unity between the trade unions and the Socialist movement.

Edlin, fiery and inspiring; Slobodin, kind and full of reminiscences; our new city organizer, with resolutions from the city committee; and Lee, "good old Lee!" as the cheers put it, fill the program so far as speakers go.

These, with an exodus of a large number of the comrades into the home of our friend and comrade, Doctor Levine, —where there were more farewells,—made up a memorable meeting, which no one of those present is likely soon to forget.



The Price of Wisdom



BY M. WINCHEVSKY

After Balmashoff—Hirsch Leckert!

One after the other, they come and sacrifice their young lives on the altar of Russian freedom.

"Well, my friends," said some one, as we talked matters over a few days ago, "it is the blood of the tyrant's countless victims that cries to Heaven for vengeance. The cry is heard on earth, and is being responded to by the noblest sons, or, as in the case of the Jew Leckert, by the noblest step-sons, of darkest Russia."

"This," said I, "sounds, of course, plausible enough, but there is, to my mind, something else underlying the eagerness to do and die on the part of those young heroes. There is an old legend, not very extensively known even in Russia, which would explain my meaning better than any words I could use for the purpose. I have it, done into English, and would read it aloud to you, if you care to hear it."*

They composed themselves to listen, and, producing the manuscript, I read what follows:

Thrice-nine lands away, in the thrice-tenth kingdom yonder, there lived and thrived a mighty Czar in the olden days of yore.

A powerful monarch was he, stout of heart and strong of limb; wise, though youthful, and withal right terrible when in wrath.

And he took to wife a damsel fair, a beautiful princess, lovely to behold. Her gracefulness was the envy of the fairies, while the lustre of her eyes put to the blush the light of the polar star.

* Pains have been taken to preserve the character of the Russian popular tale.

** Gentlemen and nobles—would be the nearest approach to those titles in English.

Full many a time the sun rose and set, and many a stream ran down its course as the royal pair delighted in bliss beyond the ken of mortal man.

And now in fulness of time their union was blessed with godlike offspring, for a male-child was born unto them, whose countenance mirrored wisdom and power apparently destined to be the wonder of the world.

Great was the joy of the Czar as the feast was spread in the royal hall. Right glad was he as each Barin and Boyarin,** after partaking of the choicest viands and the most delicious wines, came up to pay homage to him who was to be the ruler of the land in days to come.

But, alas! the Czar's happiness was soon cruelly nipped in the bud. 'Mid the strains of enchanting music that had roused the spirits of the elder folks, while setting a-whirling in joyous dances the giddy lads with the buxom maidens of the hall, a serpent in human guise whispered something so dreadful in the monarch's ear that it forthright set ablaze his heart, and the erstwhile happy husband and father now resembled a furious demon. Thus will, at times, our peaceful, playful Mother Volga, enraged by a mischievous storm, all of a sudden rise in anger, fiercely smiting her shores to right and left, on ruin and devastation bent.

"Thrice-cursed woman!" thundered the Czar, "yonder child is not the issue of my loins!"

Anon the guests, as if terror-struck by a raging volcano, quietly dispersed, and the palace, but now full of life and mirth, became desolate, dreary and dead.

* * *

Many a night after this the Czar lay outstretched on his couch which unto

him now seemed a bed of thorns, brooding over his fate; while the Czarina bathed her face in tears, pacing up and down in her bower, as would a caged lioness, doomed to an inglorious end.

At first the Czar was hesitating only because he could not devise a death that might be an adequate punishment for the transgression of his spouse. Then, as his fury abated, better counsel prevailed, the more so as his former great love for her, who but a little while ago had been his all in all, had begun to plead in her favor, raising doubts as to her guilt.

In the end, however, he decided to place her fate and that of her infant child in the hands of Providence, so that, if so it be that she was, as she all along protested, innocent of the crime charged against her, her guardian angel might protect her and save her from harm.

Thereupon he got her and the luckless infant put in a tub strongly built and well tarred on the outside, and, having furnished them with meat and drink, to the end that they perish not of hunger and thirst, he had them set afloat on the wide, wide sea.

* * *

Soon a tale is told, but not so soon as a deed is done.

Moon after moon passed as they were born while the Czarina and her boy remained thus confined within their floating jail, at the mercy of the winds and the waves. Meanwhile the prince grew not from day to day, but from hour to hour. He soon was a veritable young giant, and could no longer freely stretch his limbs within the narrow vessel.

And now, my good sirs, a terrible thing came to pass.

"I must have more freedom," the son one day said to his mother, and so saying made an effort to burst asunder the vessel.

"Stop," cried the terrified parent, "thou canst have no liberty but at the cost of thine own sweet life."

"I will have it, mother, whatever the price. I must, I will have a taste of freedom, now that I am big, come what may."

"But, my darling, thou wilt surely perish, thou wilt die, my soul!"

"Mother, one short moment's freedom is sweeter than a whole lifetime in bondage and disgrace. I will free myself and die!"

He freed himself and died.

The Old World

BY FRANK A. PUTNAM

Unnumbered soldiers load their guns

And stack them handy by;

Five hundred million cringing clods

For bare existence cry;

A hundred royal rulers drain

Their peoples' purses dry.

Lo! Greed and Hate march side by side

Beneath the flag of Lust;

The sword of war is burnished bright,

The spade resigned to rust;

While all the nobler arts of man

Lie prostrate in the dust.

Higher the serf shall surely climb,

To work his own release;

Then prayer and song shall celebrate

The monster War's decease,

And glad mankind at last abide

In universal peace.

The Man Under the Dray

A story told by George D. Herron in a public speech

"A heavy dray broke down in the street, and a man was crushed and held captive beneath it. On top of the dray was a load of merchandise, and on top of the merchandise were sitting a lot of monopolists. A crowd of men gathered about and began to discuss how to relieve the man crushed by the dray. They stayed so long and discussed so long that the people finally created them into a legislature. Then they called in a lot more men called political economists, who decided that the man had always been so crushed; it was his natural condition, and it was useless to think of releasing him. Edward Atkinson said it would overturn civilization to let the man get out from under the dray; and so it would.

"Next, chairs were endowed in universities to teach that the man was not fit

to survive, or that he had too much overproduction on top of him; that even if he got out he could not walk, because of lack of experience in walking. Then came the theologians, who said the man's heart was bad, and he must be saved before the stuff could be taken off! Finally, that if his heart could be got right, he would not need to have the weight taken off. And the theologians secured a life job for centuries, just for preaching that the man could not possibly be anywhere than where he was. Finally a man came along who said: 'Why, take the stuff off and let the man go free.' What do you suppose they did to that man?"

A voice from the gallery cried: "They crucified him!" And neither speaker nor audience dissented.

The Wage-Slave's Plaint

BY J. E. CRARY

Working, working, working,
Will never the work be done?
Will never, with rest, our toil be blest?
Will never a peace be won?
Are we fit but for beasts of burden,
To serve an ungrateful lord
Must our souls be crushed by the blighting
 lust
Of the plutocrat, to hoard?
Crushed! 'til humanity perish!
Crushed! 'til at last we are mute!
Crushed! 'til the only motives that guide
Are the instincts of the brute!

Working, working, working,
The process is certain, though slow,
Wiseacres prate of the degenerate,
Then help to make men so.
Help by supporting a system
Of jealousy, envy and greed,

Covetousness, hatred, avarice,—
Offsprings of competitive creed.
Work! 'til we mentally perish!
Work! Is it all we deserve?
Work! while those we cherish
Also must bow and serve.

Working, working, working,
We have worked 'til life's hopes are
 dead;
The fruit of our toil is the plutocrat's
 spoil,
Our own flesh and bone, our bread;
Meager indeed is the niggardly meed,
For our wasted life; then the grave.
The heritage to our posterity
Is the heritage of the slave.
Work! 'til morose and sordid!
Work and think it is fate!
Work! all unrewarded
'Til crushed by the wealth we create!

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EDITORIAL

Once after a meeting at which John S. Crosby had been explaining the iniquity of private ownership of land, a man approached him and said: "Mr. Crosby, I realize that what you say is true, but what can a man do single-handed in a community like this? I'm only one!"

"Well," replied Mr. Crosby, "be one, most men are nothing."

OUT in Colorado, an hour's ride up beautiful Boulder canon, one comes upon a place

where the crystal stream divides, and while half of it pursues its natural stony path, the other half runs for a dozen yards quietly along a sedgy bank and then suddenly flings itself back into the embrace of its mate, from whence the single stream flows on outward to the plain.

At the point where the stream divides there once stood a mill.

This was in the 70's, when the grizzlies would poke their heads out of a clump of cedars and look at you with their little cunning eyes, the rattlesnakes coiled themselves upon the warm rocks and the beavers sought out the still water in which to indulge their taste in architecture.

The animals are gone now—all but the chipmonk; he remains to chatter his derision. His minuteness has saved him.

In the mill-race the beavers found an ideal place for their building.

When the sun sank behind the peaks of the Great Divide and darkness fell upon the canon the little architects would begin. They would build and build.

Two or three nights would do the business. The race would be so choked with beaver huts that enough water would not come through to grind a hickory nut.

It looked as though the men would have to quit trying to crush ore and go to killing beavers.

But a mountaineer who dropped in had an idea.

He told them if they would hang out a lantern the beavers would stop bothering.

So they stripped a young pine and hung the lamp on it.

After that at night the beavers would slide into the race, blink up at the light and then slide back into the rapids again, seeking new foundations.

Night after night through long years the lantern hung there, until "the light at Coan's mill" was as a star to steer by.

It cheered the lonely mountaineer as he climbed the long reaches in the darkness to his hillside cabin, and the driver of the belated stage looked for its cheerful ray again and again as the canon widened and narrowed above the sharply declining road, anon disclosing, anon obscuring with its craggy steeps the mill far down the gorge.

Men in the mass are very much like beavers, their activity is as ceaseless; oftentimes as instinctive and unreasoning; sometimes as collectively destructive.

They do not mean to overthrow the things which wiser men have builded; they do not mean to discard the principles that make for race progress; but they, like the beavers, work mostly in the dark.

They do not understand.

In building their petty fortunes they choke the life-stream.

They do not see there is a mill to run;—unless there is a light to show them.

In almost every town there is some one personality akin to this light in Boulder canon; some one soul which shines steadily on amid the petty scandals, the gossip, and the empty sound and fury of provincial life.

Such a soul may possess none of the qualities of leadership; no power of individual initiative, no equipment for what men call martyrdom.

Yet it is a light—a mind still open to new thoughts and new disclosures of eternal truth.

God knows what such a light is worth.

Only so it burns steadily, steadily.

You, brother, may be that light. You need not always speak; only now and then a quiet word—when a principle is in the balance.

For it is not what you say that moves men; it is what you are. They look behind your words at you.

You may be alone; you may be "only one," but in the day when your little community shall be swept off its feet by unreasoning passion, or false enthusiasm, then trim your lamp; its light is needed then.

Some will be deterred by it; some will be guided by it, and a few will look for it and rely upon it.

Thus shall you help the Plan.

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."



The End of the Gods

BY GEORGE D. HERRON

The gods are dead—have you not known it, men?
It is their ghosts you see—the ghosts of gods,
Evoked from spent and dying altar-fires
To once again the man melt from your soul;
Evoked, by powers that on the darkness wait,
To lead you to the shrines of deeper night,
To shrines of ancient and rechartered fears,
And hold your eyes from that horizon where
The comrade-day breaks on the waking world;
Evoked to strike with death or nerveless doubt
The faith which labor cradles in its soul,
And thus to save your masters from the hour—
The good and dreadful hour—when labor lifts
Its judgment-arm at last to claim its own,
And call the world from masters unto life.

See you not, men, who trumpet forth these gods?
They are the slaves who please your masters best—
The shining slaves who in the temples serve.
Slaves? Nay, too sacred for them is the word
That tells the hurt of our humanity!
Not slaves, but something less than slaves, are these
Who call themselves the shepherds of your souls,
Who speak sepulchral words about your sins,
Then kneel to kiss the hands of honored crime
That measure out what gospel they shall preach;
And when your masters' law for vengeance calls,
Hear the priests raise the blood-cry of the mob!
And see them crawl at iron feet that tread
The great world-mill of economic might,
Grinding your bartered lives to sovereign wealth!

Be not deceived that they come in the name—
Which by their wearing they blaspheme and cheat—
Of the sweet labor-son of Galilee.
No part had he in them, nor in the old
Black magic of salvation on their lips,
Nor in the splendid robber-temples built
By masters—grown prophetic through their fears—
To clothe the gods called from forgotten tombs.
His strong salvation was the mighty health
That comes from love of comrades, and his faith
The endlessly unrolling common life.
Out into the great world he went, to be
The matchless foe of masters and their gods,
The warrior-lover of the downmost man,
The angry and majestic judge of priests,
The friend of wayside children and the flowers.

See you not how the wild rose weeps unkissed,
And how the violets from the hill-side fade,
While child-lips wither in the factory smoke?
How the brook grieves away to songless death,
For the lost dance of child-eyes bound to wheels?
See you not the sorrow of guarded fields,
Their fair breasts blighted by the gambler's hold,
While they for mouths of starving races yearn?
See you not how the wasted face of earth
Is by the touch of masters torn and scarred—
Shamed with the loss of glory turned to gold,
Sick with vast deserts of unblossomed lives,
Her mighty beauty ravished by the wealth
That eats her children's flesh and drinks their blood?
See you not how through ruin the masters rule,
While you kneel to pray to the masters' gods?

O men, get off your knees, stand on your feet!
So long as you kneel there to gods unknown,
So long will masters known bind on your necks
The yokes that are your torment and their power.

As long as you still parley with the fears
That bind your abject knees, and pray to gods
To do the deeds which only men can do,
So long will masters traffic in your lives,
And on your labor-slavery raise their thrones.
It was for that the masters made the gods—
To keep you harnessed and submissive bent,
While on your backs they build and build their world;
The world whose roots are you its labor-slaves,
Its valued good and glory but the bloom
And anguish of your labor-curse; the world
That would to red dust fall—if you should rise.

It is not faith that turns you to the gods—
Not faith, but lack of faith; their temples stand
As witnesses that faith has not yet come.
It is not faith that takes you to the shrines,
At which you bow in posture of the slave;
You bow but to the fears that bind your soul,
That keep the man in you from being born,
That stay the comrade-future of our world.

When you are pure from fear, and turn to life
With that free look for which the cosmos waits,
No room for gods nor temples will you see,
Nor for the masters who their makers are,
Nor for the monstrous days of loneliness,
Nor for the ancient cryings after heaven;
But, in the wear and dust of common work,
You will behold a faith which you may serve
To higher ends than ever faith was served,
And with a gladness braver than the hosts
Of bannered and victorious war. It is
The faith of labor in itself as lord,
As law of growth and beauty on the earth,
Rising to be the hailed messiah-light
To lead the nations to their comrade-home.

The faith of labor is a young child yet;
But it will grow--this last-born of the faiths.
It is a world-child, rocked by all the hands
That ever struck at lies or human chains,
Or wrought the perfect good of liberty.
It will grow fair and noble in your eyes;
It will grow golden with your common hope;
It will grow bold to ask the masters why;
It will grow wise to read the nightly signs
That say:--Make straight the revolution's path!
It will grow in the strong and lovely grace
That shines from out the sad face of the earth
When troubled nations dream of some lost home,
Where masters did not dwell, but only men;
It will grow in the stature of this grace
Till glory of its summons comes to you,
Like some archangel-signal in the sky,
To join the march--the joyful comrade-march--
Of risen collective peoples on the way
To cleanse the world from masters and their kind.

O, when the faith of labor wakes to power
That shall the mighty labor-patience match,
Then under the red thrones of sovereign wealth
This evil world of masters will dissolve,
And all the works which are the waste of men.
Then we, turned from the fear of things that were,
Will this faith follow to the things to be.
Instead of our unblossomed lives will grow
Full-blossomed children of a blossomed race;
And in the place of long-created gods
Will rise the good world of creator-man,
At rest in love's heroic commonwealth--
Too beautiful and terrible a world
For masters more to live in; only friends,
Companion-workers and the will to love
Dwelling beneath the glad and comrade stars.



Talking Horse and Talking God

BY SAM WALTER FOSS



They sat and they talked where the
crossroads meet,

Four men from the four winds come;
And they talked of the horse, for they
loved the theme,

And never a man was dumb.
And the man from the North loved the
strength of the horse,

And the man from the West his pace,
And the man from the South loved the
speed of the horse,

And the man from the West his grace.
So these four men, from the four winds
come,

Each paused a space in his course,
And smiled in the face of his fellow-
man,

And lovingly talked of the horse.
Then each man parted and went his way
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with peace in
his heart

And loving his fellow-man.

* * * * *

They met next year where the cross-
roads meet,

Four men from the four winds come;
And it chanced, as they met, that they
talked of God,

And never a man was dumb.
One imaged God in the shape of man,
A spirit, did one insist;
One said that Nature itself was God,
One said he didn't exist.

But they lashed each other with tongues
that stung,

They smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow-
man

And wrathfully talked of God.
Then each man parted and went his way,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with war in
his heart,

And hating his fellow-man.



GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT

One of the ablest women in the Socialist movement of Illinois

A Word from the Self-Supporting Woman

BY GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT

Did you ever stop to think of the guilt the self-supporting women are made to feel by their brothers in the office and factory, where again and again they meet with the reproach, "A woman who has a father or brother who can support her ought to be ashamed to be taking the job of some poor man with a family?"

This rebuke is flung to her by the false

economist who sees in the work of women only one added element of competition. If she can answer that she has no one to perform this service for her, she is tolerated for a time, but is urged to marry the first chance she gets and remove herself from a field where she is considered an intruder.

If she have a father, or other male

relative, and feels a repugnance to sitting about crocheting or embroidering while one, perhaps frail, man toils to support her, and possibly a half dozen other strong women dawdling about the house, she meets with no sympathy in her discontent. She may be ambitious and energetic, she may desire to travel or hunger for artistic and educational advantages entirely beyond the means of her supporter, but that matters not; she is urged to be content at home.

If she happens to be married, and her husband can earn even \$8.00 per week for their support, from which sum they are expected to save for a rainy day and provide a home for their old age, she meets a perfect storm of protest when she seeks to take some share in creative labor. She knows if she should find herself aged and penniless, with the poorhouse door the only one open to her, she would be blamed because she had not been industrious and economical in her prime. Thus she finds herself between Scylla and Charybdis. She reasons that if she has the right to life she must have the right to sustain her life by her own energies. How ridiculous is a system of production under which half the race must toil unceasingly and half remain idle or limited to a small treadmill; like trees with the branches growing all on one side, lacking opportunity for a rounded development. When our working-woman begins to study and reason she finds herself equipped with an answer to end in a solution of the vexing "woman problem." She learns that the balance in the account does not stand against her. Instead of her taking the work of the men she finds upon reading the long

story of her race that gradually women have been crowded from their industrial fields and no new avenues opened to them; she learns that all our vast modern industries were begun by woman, our primitive mother, in her effort to provide for her young; they are a monument to and a development of mother love. When the men turned from their primitive occupations of hunting, fishing, and fighting, they gradually usurped woman's fields of social labor. The tilling of the fields, building of huts, making of pottery, sewing of skins, storing of fruits and nuts, gathering and studying the properties of herbs, curing the meats and, later, the spinning, dyeing and weaving, brewing and baking; one by one almost every original occupation of woman has been taken from her. Even the making of garments and education of the young are no longer her prerogatives, and for the most part the demand for the bearing of children which was once so great, and upon which the very existence of the tribe depended when mere brute force was at such a premium in the life of the race, has ceased.

When man developed the idea of shutting his brother off from the means of life, he subordinated and thus enslaved his sister. Woman was then held to have no race life or interest, and was forced into a so-called sphere which was merely that of a sex life.

Thus the condition we now have developed,—the environment of the man of today—is the system of today; but women constitute a disabled, dispossessed body, lacking that most highly prized (by men) weapon of defense, the ballot, and the man of today represents her environment,—and her limitations.



The Case Plainly Stated

BY WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN



It is becoming increasingly evident to all students of life that all moral, educational, religious, and social questions when reduced to their lowest terms are economic questions. If that be true, then, whatever is done to solve the economic question is so much accomplished toward the solution of these other questions. When, therefore, we make the cause of labor fundamental we simply recognize that the labor question underlies all others, and that so long as we deal with other questions and ignore this, we are dealing with effects rather than with the cause. I am thoroughly convinced that the first real and positive step we shall take toward a better civilization will be in the emancipation of the working class. The division of society into two economic classes is the logical result of the system under which we live. I think it would be true to say that this result is simply an essential part of the evolution of society. What I want—and what every student of social questions wants—is that men shall frankly recognize the existence of these questions. They certainly exist. And while a man may belong to the capitalist class, and not know it, it is becoming more and more difficult for a man to belong to the working class without knowing it. Let me make myself understood. The capitalist class is made up of those who live from profits in the form of interest, rents, or dividends on stocks. Or, to put it in another way, it is made up of those who possess wealth as private property which they themselves had no hand in creating. No one created the

land. A land-owner is therefore in so far a capitalist. That value of land which is given to it by large aggregations of people, by society, by location, is one of the assets of the capitalist class. In their hands, in one way or another, will be found all the machinery of production and all the means of distribution of products. The working class is made up of those whose living is derived from their personal labor, whether of hand or brain. We shall also be obliged to admit that under the present system of industrial organization where combination is the watchword and nearly every industry is being incorporated in a trust, the ranks of the capitalist class are being rapidly depleted and the ranks of the working class are being greatly augmented. Not only does the organization of trusts for the control of the output of production and the ownership of the entire machinery of industry by a few tend to reduce mankind economically to these two classes and make the line between them very definite and the task of passing from the lower to the higher well nigh impossible, but there are other agencies which work the same result. It must be evident to any man who has the mental power of putting two and two together that the logic of the trust mode of industrial economy is to make absolutely permanent this line of class distinction. When all the various forms of industry are trustified, so to speak, economic caste will be as sharply defined in this country as social caste is in India. With these trusts *permanently* in private hands there would not remain

the possibility of passing from the working class to the capitalist class. There would grow up two distinct races: a *master* race and a *servant* race.

But every labor-saving invention is hastening the same result. Inventions, as any observer of recent events knows, limit the field of labor. If a machine can be made which will do the work which formerly required five or ten men, and does it more rapidly and accurately, it is evident not only that the use of such a machine is inevitable and wise, but that the opportunity of labor is diminished. The determining factors in every department of industry are economy of time and expense and excellence of workmanship. The trust and the introduction of improved machinery are simply the application of these natural laws of evolution to production and distribution. And nothing under heaven can prevent this application. No law which attempted to prohibit the formation of trusts or to interfere with the introduction of improved machinery could be enforced or ought to be. Any such movement is an attempt to check the progress of civilization. It is fighting against the stars in their courses. The trust is here to stay and every department of industry must be obedient to its will. Improvement in machinery will go on in leaps and bounds, so that it is not at all utopian to prophesy that within the next hundred years the demand for human labor, except in the higher lines of art, will be reduced at least one-half. You and I within a few years have seen the horse displaced in one whole department of public service, that of street car traffic. Steam, electricity and bicycles are certain in the near future to retire the horse to an extremely limited area of service. The same line of industrial progress is bound also to reduce the area of manual toil to a minimum. In our century and a quarter of existence as a nation we have grown from a population of three millions to one of seventy-five millions or more. And yet it is perfectly safe to say that with the improved machinery of the present time economically used

the food products needful for the seventy-five millions could be raised and transported to all the homes of this vast country by the labor of fewer men than were required to do a like service for the three millions in the little strip of land along the Atlantic seaboard then inhabited. It is a condition and not a theory that we are facing today. And that condition is a system which produces and will perpetuate, unless changed, this economic caste, the capitalist class on the one side, the working class out of work on the other.

What is needed just now more than anything else is that we shall see clearly the facts, even as they are seen by that class whose interests are chiefly affected. And the chief fact is that industrial evolution has brought us to a crisis, where we must decide whether it is necessary or wise that these two classes shall be perpetuated. It is the belief of some of us that the relation between these two classes is, or is sure to be, practically identical with that which subsisted between master and slave forty years ago in our southern states, with this difference, that while the slaveholder then was rendered by public sentiment, if not by statute law, responsible for the welfare of his slaves, and they were reasonably sure of a living, the capitalist class today are not held responsible and do not regard themselves as responsible for the welfare of the working class. I do not think they should be held responsible. But the fact remains, and the condition of the working class is, in some respects, worse than that of the slaves. A slave who had grown old and useless in his master's service was cared for. He always had the certainty of being provided for. To be sure, society now makes provision by houses and other institutions for the aged and useless members of the working class, or for such as live to be old. But the expense of these institutions is not borne by the capitalist class, but by the working class themselves. I hold that the entire expense for the care of the aged and feeble,—indeed, the entire expense of every public institution

is borne, in the last analysis, by the working class.

Let us take an illustration of the conditions of labor under the present system as compared with corresponding conditions under slavery. A railroad built in the south before the war was built by slave labor, largely. What did the slaves receive for their work? Exactly what a gang of men doing the same work now would receive—their board and clothes and lodging while working. At the end of the work what would these two classes of laborers have? They have both built the road bed and laid the track for a railroad. Neither one would have anything in the shape of money, for the wages of railroad laborers do not amount to more than enough to feed and clothe them while they work. Both classes have given their labor, as the horses have, and received the same compensation: food, clothing and shelter while they work, often of a very poor sort; but while the slaves were sure of being cared for, the whites, the freemen, are turned adrift to find another job or become dependent upon charity.

It ought to be clear to any thinking person that the perpetuation of such a system would be the greatest calamity that could befall civilization. Indeed, if it could be perpetuated, civilization would cease. I believe that it can be shown that it would be morally, ethically, religiously, socially, and industrially to the advantage of the capitalist class, as well as to that of the working class, to put an end to the system. I believe that it can be shown that a democratic form of government is incapable of surviving, unless this caste is abolished. Better a monarchy in name as well as in fact, better any sort of class government frankly recognized, than to maintain aristocracy under the name and form of democracy. And an aristocracy is the only possible result of the existing economic order, an aristocracy based on wealth, on capitalism. Capitalism means mastership, there can be no doubt about that. Capitalism has not a single point of likeness to the principles of democ-

racy. Democracy is the expression of the will of all the people. Capitalism makes no place for popular suffrage. It is monarchy or aristocracy applied to industry. When did you ever hear of a government in which masters chose *slaves* to be their chief officers? And when did there ever exist a slave who was *fit* to fill such office? The perpetuation of the present economic caste in this country means the destruction of democracy, because it cannot have any other effect than that of unfitting the members of the working class for having any part whatever in government. To give the franchise to slaves is a travesty on common sense. Slavery unmans men, destroys their self-respect, makes them servile and cringing and base.

But if political wisdom and the dictates of brotherhood did not make a change seem necessary and just, there is another consideration which, if true, should be conclusive. It is the conviction of a growing number of men that the present industrial system works injustice to the laborer, or producer. For under this system the capitalist class is, in the very nature of things and independent of any man's volition, the *product of exploitation*. It is held that the private fortunes of the capitalist class have been largely built up from the appropriation of a value created by the working class, or by society itself.

Here are men and women, as we all know perfectly well, who work hard and well, who are sober and industrious and skillful, who yet do not receive sufficient for their labor to enable them to live a decent life. Some of them cannot even live out half their normal lifetime. Thousands are out of employment, necessarily so, made so partly by the introduction of improved machinery, partly because thousands upon thousands of people are not able to buy the things they need, and so create a demand for labor. Thousands are employed only a part of the time and are under the nervous tension of anxiety lest they should not find work. Some are hopeless. Suicides have increased tremendously, and

a large percentage of them are of those who have been unable to find work. Women are driven to shame and men to crime. Meanwhile we have the spectacle of great stock companies making such enormous profits on the products of their factories, that they feel obliged to water the stock to keep down the rate per cent of the dividends. And some one is earning for other people good round dividends on stock that never had any existence. Well, what shall we do about it?

There is a very large and respectable class of men belonging both to the capitalist class and to the working class who say: "We recognize the fact that social conditions are wrong. We are painfully conscious of the sorrows of the poor. We feel deeply the despair of the working class. We believe that the present system is wrong, and no one can too strongly condemn it. And we want to see a new order. We would hail it with joy. We know it would mean the emancipation of all classes of people and the inauguration of a happier era for the world. But it is idle to talk of a better social order until you have a better type of men. If you want to usher in the better social system, set yourself resolutely to the task of making better men."

Now, I do not question the sincerity of these men, and I am not insensible of my own limitations. But I believe that sentiment to be wholly mistaken and to be founded not only upon a false conception of the purpose in view in the present economic struggle, but upon a false philosophy. And I may add that not one of these men acts upon that theory in the treatment of his own children. We do not believe that humanity can take any long steps forward on the individualistic plan. Some of us are of the opinion that that plan has had a fair trial. It has had undisputed sway for nineteen hundred years or more. And the morals of this century cannot be said to be much higher than those of the first. There are multitudes of men and women today who can look with unconcern upon as hideous violations of justice both in the life of the individual and in

that of nations, as Greece or Rome ever tolerated. We hold that the plan that attempts first of all the regeneration of the individual has not been a howling success. We believe it is open to serious criticism. The fact that some of the most notorious offenders against every instinct of personal or social justice are devout and earnest adherents of Christian denominations and churches, the fact that men who claim and are recognized by their devout brethren to have been regenerated and saved, who accept all the articles of faith of the Christian religion and denounce any departure from that faith, the fact that these men without scruple bribe legislatures, buy votes, violate laws and keep lawyers to defend them from their just punishment therefor, and even deliberately destroy the property of a competitor, as has been done and can be proved by sworn affidavits and accepted testimony in our courts,—that fact certainly must be given some weight in determining whether the regeneration of the individual is the method by which a juster economic order is to be realized. I do not understand that a revolution in the form of civil government such as marked the birth of this republic had to be preceded by the regeneration of the race. As I read history the founders of this government did not claim to be any better than their fellows in Great Britain. A comparison between the Continental Congress and the contemporary British Parliament would doubtless reveal the fact that Parliament represented quite as high religious character as Congress. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were no more religious or regenerate than the cabinet of George III. The author of that document was a rationalist, and the man who was as influential as any other in bringing about the republic was Thomas Paine, the so-called infidel. No, regeneration is not a prerequisite to the inauguration of a better order, whether political or industrial. If every individual in this country could by some miracle be changed tomorrow into an angel or a saint, the ex-

isting economic caste would remain just as it is, and it would require the daily repetition of that initial miracle to maintain the existence of angels or saints in it. And right there lies the fundamental fallacy under which a large part of the human family is laboring. The most of us are cherishing the illusion that about every change that comes or can come is of the miraculous order. We have not grasped that profound philosophy which underlies all profitable thinking today, the philosophy of evolution. We say, "Change the man, and he will change the system." And just so long as we rest under that transparent delusion will we prove ourselves utterly impotent and worthless for human progress. We must learn to say, "Change the system, and a new and better type of man will be evolved."

The change from a system that turns the values created by labor and by society into private property to the co-operative commonwealth can be made without the slightest friction, without violence. We have reached a point at which the management of almost all the machinery of industry is in the hands of those who really belong to the working class. Almost the only function of the capitalist class today is that of receiving the profits of the system. Suppose, instead of permitting the railroads and factories and mines and machinery, the land and the means of production and distribution, to be owned by individuals and operated, in part at least, for private profit, the people own all these things and operate them for the benefit of all, eliminating the element of profit altogether? Suppose the people decide next year or any other time that they will undertake to own and operate all public utilities, guaranteeing to every man the value which he creates by his own hand, then the present economic caste would disappear.

It must be apparent to anyone, therefore, that the purpose of real social reformers is not to have all property and profits divided up among the people. No sane man desires any such thing. The

sole purpose is to insure to each man that which belongs to him by right, that value which he creates by his own hand or brain. The land no man created and no man is entitled to hold as private property. The land—the earth—so the Bible declares, "is the Lord's." There is no better way of putting it. The earth is Man's, and it cannot justly be alienated from him. Those values which are created by society and society alone, it is manifestly unjust for any individual to appropriate as private property. It is the right and the duty of the people to make such disposition as may seem best to them of that which is theirs.

Finally, how is this emancipation to be accomplished? I know of but one answer. It can be accomplished in this country only by the ballot. It must come through political action. The one sole and sovereign resource of the people in this country for the enactment of their will is the franchise. A change in our economic system demands a change in our political system. The one cannot be secured without the other. And such a change must be had through the ballot. It is an idle dream in any other way. As matters stand now it must come through a political party, though the inauguration of the co-operative commonwealth will, beyond doubt, mark the end of our present system of political parties, as it will also completely remove the occasion of political corruption.

What are the facts? These. We have universal manhood suffrage in this country, or nearly so. If the majority of the people vote to socialize the means of production and distribution and inaugurate the co-operative commonwealth, it will be done. What class of people should naturally be interested in such action? manifestly, the working class. In such a step they have everything to gain and nothing to lose except their chains. What is the relative size of these two classes? The capitalist class comprises six per cent of the population. The working class includes seventy-five per cent of the population. Nineteen per cent is represented by the middle class,

which with the prevalence of present tendencies must entirely disappear within the next ten or twenty years. It must be evident that the working class at the ballot is overwhelmingly the master. What are the facts of the situation? The facts are that the vote of the working class is at present divided almost wholly between two parties, neither of which has the slightest intention of effecting the emancipation of that class. For what party does the capitalist class vote? It votes for that party which will serve its interests. Sometimes it is one, sometimes the other of the two great parties. Does that class ever vote for a party that is pledged to serve the interests of the working class? It does not, any more than the *intelligent* workingman votes for a party which is pledged to serve the interests of the *capitalist* class. The capitalist class have an intense and profound consciousness of their interests, and they quite naturally vote for them. If we may judge by the ordinary rules which determine such things, it ought to be evident that the capitalist class, though so insignificant numerically, have about all the common sense there is. The main thing one is struck with, when he thinks of the working class, is their *abnormal unselfishness*, their *boundless generosity*. Either it must be that, or else it is a very dense ignorance and a stupidity which is usually credited to the donkey. For in the interval between elections they amuse themselves in the perfectly harmless and futile attempt to fight capital on its own chosen grounds, pitting their lack of funds against the unlimited means of capitalism, keeping up the pathetic pantomime of trades unionism, and on election day voting early and often to perpetuate their slavery. In the hands of the working class in this country is the destiny of the whole nation. They have the power to do whatever they want to. They are the majority, and their number grows daily larger. They have the franchise. They seem to have everything except common sense. It does not require great intelligence for a man to see that the

real and highest interests of all classes are in the hands of the working class. With that class all others rise or fall. The emancipation of all classes is involved in the destruction of capitalism. The freedom of all men is gained when the freedom of the working class is secured. But that freedom can be secured and that emancipation achieved only when the working class shall cease to cast its votes for any party which would perpetuate capitalism, and unites in a party which will obliterate that system.

On the field of Gettysburg Abraham Lincoln expressed the hope that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, might not perish from the earth." Those words are immortal. But the truth is we have no such government. We have today government of the capitalist class, by the capitalist class, for the capitalist class. That is not and cannot possibly be government of, by, and for the people. So long as you have a capitalist class you will have a class of wage slaves. The two are inseparable. Where the one is, there the other will always be.

How may we secure a "government of the people, by the people, for the people"? There is but one way, and that is to establish a government of the working class, by the working class, for the working class. The supremacy of the working class means the destruction of all class lines. The working class ought to include all the people. All of the people cannot under any circumstances belong to the capitalist class. All of them can and should belong to the working class. No other condition of affairs is consistent with reason or justice or with the best and most sacred doctrines of democratic government.

The only political party that can achieve the ideal of Lincoln and Jefferson is that party which demands the inauguration here in the United States of a government of the working class, by the working class, and for the working class. That party is the Socialist party of the United States. And the triumph of that party is as certain as the rising of the sun.

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